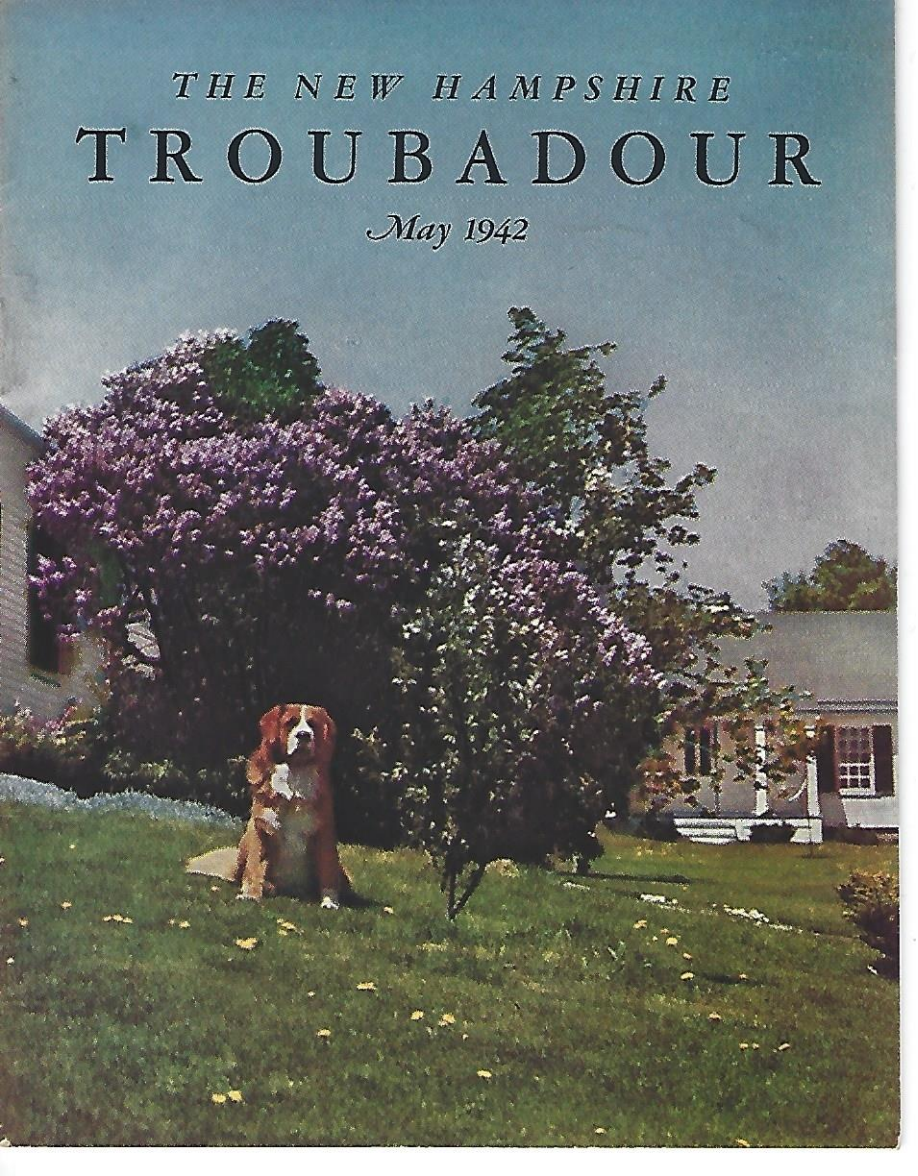
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE

TROUBADOUR

May 1942



EAMES STUDIO

The New Hampshire Troubadour

COMES TO YOU EVERY MONTH SINGING THE PRAISES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, A STATE WHOSE BEAUTY AND OPPORTUNITIES SHOULD TEMPT YOU TO COME AND SHARE THOSE GOOD THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE HERE SO DELIGHTFUL. IT IS SENT TO YOU BY THE STATE PLANNING AND DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE. SUBSCRIPTION: 50 CENTS A YEAR

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

VOLUME XII | May, 1942 | NUMBER 2

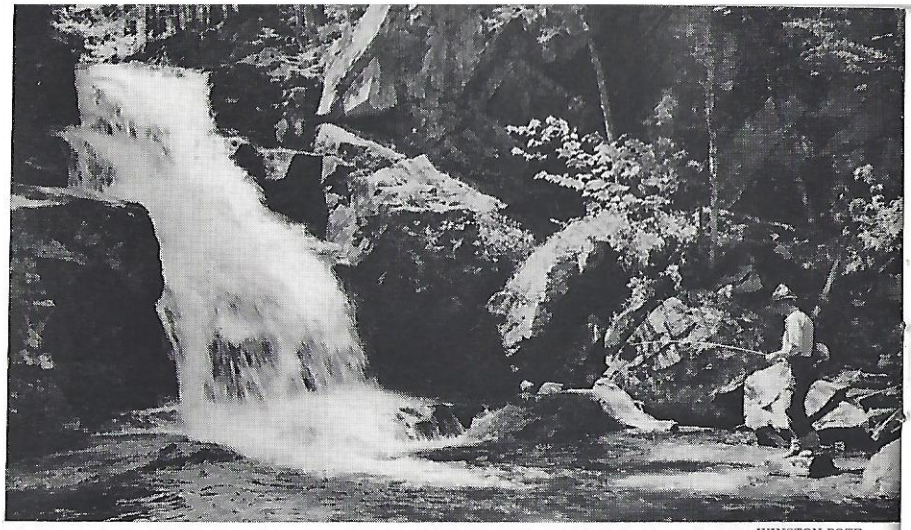
GO FISHING

by Gladys Spaulding Potter

In the Claremont Daily Eagle

ALREADY fishing tackle is being given its annual overhauling, hooks and flies placed in order in their case, lines tested, and wading boots given the once over for possible cracks, and half a dozen times during the evening the fly rod is picked up and an imaginary cast made at an imaginary trout across the kitchen. Many a woman has on the first day of May sent the boy or man — for it's all the same whether a boy of seven or seventy — to spade up her flower bed, only to glance from the kitchen window half an hour later just in time to see him disappearing round the bend in the general direction of a brook, a fish rod in his hand and red tobacco box of bait peeping from his hip pocket.

Now this is nothing to get all upset about, his intentions were good, but the sight of that first angleworm and bleeding heart roots sent forth a call that could not be ignored by any boy, old or young, with the love of fishing in his soul.



WINSTON POTE

Cold Brook Falls pool at Randolph

I cannot think of anything I would rather be than a barefoot boy on a brook trouting in early May, with the feel of running water and smooth stones underneath, the opalescence of a dragon fly's wing, the chattering of a chipmunk, or the cawing of a crow sending queer little shivers along your spine, a glimpse of a yellow violet, jack-in-the-pulpit, spring beauties, and a patch of yellow adder's-tongue, and perhaps a knoll covered with the glossy new leaves of the checkerberry, and the tantalizing aroma of arbutus or white violets telling of their nearness even before you see them.

The flash of heaven's blue as a bluebird hurries past, the sweet note of the thrush, and the whitethroat's fine clear notes that have been described as a silver thread of a dream. It is Stewart Edward White who says of these two songsters: "When first you hear these birds after an absence, you are satisfied that all things are right in your world." It is by these brooks great dreams are dreamed, many to materialize, many lost in life's mad rush and hurry; but

life is bound to be better, cleaner, and happier for the memory of even unmaterialized dreams of boyhood.

Each brook seems to hold its own individual attractions and memories.

It was at "Milliken's Brook" where at least one boy caught his first trout and came racing home, a distance of half a mile, to show it and go flying back to the brook again.

This same boy has memories of taking a city boy to this brook and of digging a jack-in-the-pulpit bulb for him to taste — and still pictures that boy lying on his stomach holding his tongue in the brook to cool off.

It was at "Moore's Brook" near the beauty spot known as the whirlapool that another boy caught his first whopper, a trout thirteen inches long. This brook will always have special attractions for him through the passing years.

It is at "Skinner's Brook" one hears more thrushes than anywhere else and where the trailing arbutus grows. Many speckled beauties have been taken from this brook in years past.

"Hydes Brook," made beautiful by the overhanging willow trees until the willow blight took its toll in 1932. So each brook has its special charm and memory, whether it be "Great Brook," "Honey Brook," "Cold River" or "Art's Pond." No, I have never been trouting, I am only a mother of a family of boys who love fishing, and have visited all these brooks with them and thrilled as I watched them creep to the edge of the stream and a second later hold up a squirming trout for me to admire — and later eat!

The flower bed was not finished that day and the fish basket may not have contained many trout, but usually they found fresh cookies being baked for them on their return, and in turn I am rewarded by a bunch of arbutus, a root of a yellow violet, a hepatica, or even a root of a yellow rose to set out in the unfinished flower bed — where they flourish as reminders of those boys who have long been away and are in homes of their own.

The day is never lost, even if few trout are caught, and his face and ears swollen from the bites of the mosquitoes and "heap-feel-'em-no-see-'em's," for has he not had the feel of the trout line that is like cool velvet to his fingers, heard the click of his reel, and dreamed dreams? So, to the young wives who may not be fishing fans, let one who is, suggest you count your blessings and be grateful for brooks, fish, flowers, and all nature, and that the boy of seven or seventy is a lover of this good, clean sport, and pray that he may never grow too old to love it, for the one who has lost the spirit of youth is too busy with gloomy thoughts to gather bait when looked in the eye by the early worm. Live life, every minute of it! and Go Fishing!!

I take the following lines from Edgar A. Guest's poem, "Out Fishing":

"A feller isn't thinking mean
Out fishin'
His thoughts are mostly good and clean
Out fishin'
A feller's glad to be a friend
A helping hand he'll always lend
Out fishin'.
The brotherhood of rod and line
And sky and stream is always fine
Men come real close to God's design
Out fishin'.
A feller isn't plotting schemes
Out fishin'
He's only busy with his dreams
Out fishin'.
His livery is a coat of tan,
His creed — to do the best he can.
A feller's always mostly man,
Out fishin'."

Rye Harbor HAROLD ORNE

THE GENERAL COUNCIL

by Rev. Douglas Horton, D.D.

PLYMOUTH ROCK, as every true Granite Stater knows, really belongs to New Hampshire. It was only the generous gesture of our fathers in 1679 in permitting the separation of our own state, then a colony, from the one which lies to the south of us, that left the Rock in the domain of Massachusetts.

It may require the rewriting of a bit of history to convince the rest of the world that this is so, but who are we to be troubled by the opinion of the world?

Main Street of Peterborough from the new bridge over the Contoocook River

Furthermore, even the rest of the world will agree that the Pilgrim Fathers and their contemporaries who settled Massachusetts Bay lost little time in extending their churches into New Hampshire territory. The first Congregational parish in the state was "set off" in Dover in 1633. Since that day the communion has grown until there are 194 churches and 25,000 members in New Hampshire.

And today the spiritual descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers known throughout the nation as the Congregational Christian Churches of the United States are looking toward New Hampshire as the place of their next national biennial meeting. The University of New Hampshire has graciously opened its doors in welcome and

united with the local church in inviting the General Council to meet at Durham from June 18 to 25 of this year.

From the six thousand Congregational Christian churches of the country, totalling more than a million members, 1,500 delegates will gather on the campus of the University of New Hampshire to consider how, in these difficult times, the churches may more perfectly do the will of God and make the world a better place to live in.

The foreign missionary arm of the Congregational Christian Churches is known as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This agency, with the companion agencies of other denominations, constitutes what is probably the most effective international peace organization in the world today.

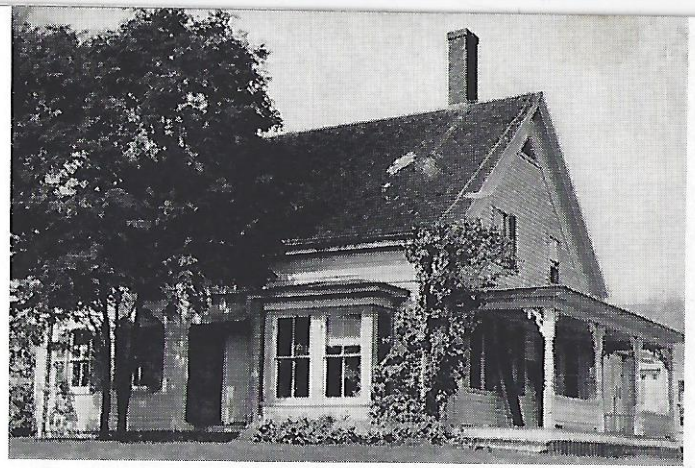
The home missionary arm of the communion is called the Board of Home Missions. This body is at work in many parts of the country helping to strengthen the churches and to heal the divisions between race and race and class and class.

In full realization of the importance of the meeting but also knowing that there would be a shortage of rubber and other commodities needed for national defense, the committee arranging for the program of the General Council wrote the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy to ask his opinion as to whether such a meeting should be held. He replied *in part* as follows:

"A real revival of religion, a quickening of the spiritual life of the nation would strengthen our morale for the war effort and would be our sure guide to a just and lasting peace when our enemies shall have been vanquished. I hope, therefore, that no circumstance will prevent the holding of your General Council and I wish you Godspeed in your deliberations."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

So New Hampshire may expect to see Congregational Christians from many states this summer.



TIFFT

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

Mr. Tifft
Rollinsford
New Hampshire

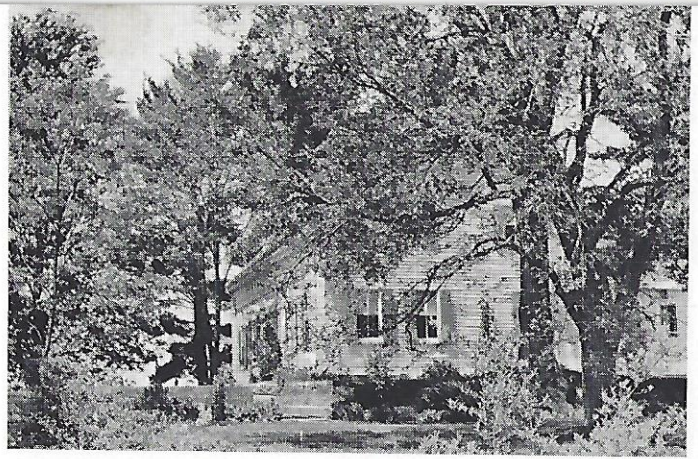
DEAR SIR:

Travelling on the little set of pictures of my grandfather's house and grounds, received by me from my wife who recently visited you, I have visited for hours tonight the scenes of my boyhood days. I was like the farmer's wife who journeyed back on the hickory leaf which she found on the garret floor when she rummaged one day in the attic. You will remember the old New England poem.

Like her I had a pleasant journey, while at times a tear of regret and longing fell.

Grandsir, Isaac Cater, built this house in 1842. He was a Barrington man who wore himself out with hard work farming and lumbering in the hills. The doctors pronounced his end near and brought his wife and children to the neighborhood of her people — the Wentworths of Rollinsford.

At the time the only building on the land was a part of the pres-



TIFFT

ent garage. In that the family lived while the house was being erected. Grandsir tucked his family in the new house and got ready to die and then got better and lived to be seventy. The air on the old hilltop was life giving to his weakened lungs and general makeup.

The trees around the house have grown big since I lived there a boy of ten about sixty years ago.

The spirit of a grand good man walks around the old place.

I was named after him but have fallen short of living up to the name.

I thank you sincerely for having given me so pleasant a journey to my grandfather's home. No person could have shown me a greater kindness.

May my grandfather's spirit walk with you and guide you when in doubt as to the way. May the soothing and healing air of the old hill top benefit you and yours as it did him.

Very truly yours,

(*Signed*) ISAAC NEWTON FOSS,
Isaac Cater's grandson

FROM HISTORY OF CARROLL COUNTY

(Merrill)

p. 290. Verbatim et literatim record of meeting of 1773 at which John Sinkler was chosen town clerk at Wolfeborough.

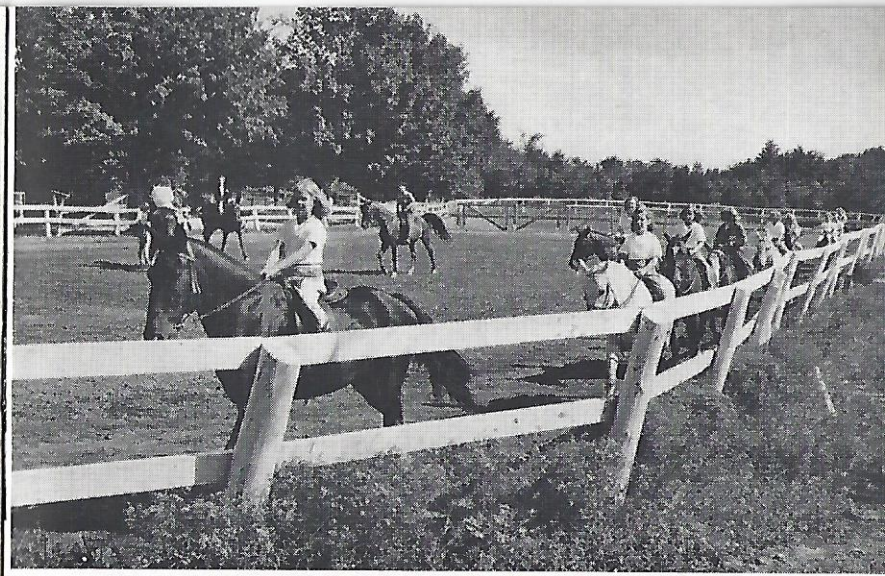
"Province of New hamsher County of Starford.

At the ancuil town meeting of the freeholders and inhabetens of the town of Wolfsborough met at John Sinklers the 30 day of march 1773.

1. Voted thomas Lukes moderator- 2. John Sinkler town clerk 3. Bengmon folsom 4. thomas taylor 5. James Connor Selekmen 6. Joseph Lary Constable 7. thomas Lukes Benjamin folsom sevairs of high ways 8. thomas Piper Bengmon folsom hog Reeves 9. Bengmon Blake Jorge Woodhouse fence viewers 10. thomas Piper Jonathan Harsey Dear Keepers. 11. Voted to Raise five Pounds Lawfull money for a scoole. 12. Voted that the Rods Be Repaired By arate. 13. Voted Cornel henery Rust Capt thomas Lukes Commety men. 14. that the Seleckmen By a Book to keep their A Counts in. 15. thomas Piper Culler of Lumber. 16. Samuel Tebbetts Chose Pound Keeper. 17. Jacob Sce gil Chose Juery men."

At a town meeting held on the eighth day of May, 1781, it was voted that the part of the town on the southwest side of Smith's pond hire Mr. Andrew Collins to preach and teach school for the term of twelve months, upon his good behavior, the selectmen being authorized to contract with him and provide proper accommodations. The fitting up of a room for the school and religious meetings was not a very expensive affair, as will be shown by the following letter:

"To the Honorable Gentlemen, the selectmen of the town of Wolfeborough, chosen for accommodating necessary conveniences for said town in A.D. 1781: — Before you, the said Selectmen, is herein laid



HAROLD ORNE

the accompt for providing the necessary articles for the accommodating of a school in said town, by John Lucas, viz.:

To 119 feet of boards	$0.45
To making a Preaching Desk	.55
To making one Writing table	.82
To four benches	.55
To one water Bucket	.25
To one hundred nails	.40
	$3.02

Gentlemen, the above-mentioned school accommodations are all provided according to your order given, and the humble request of your affectionate well-wisher.

Andrew Collins. S.M.

Wolfeborough, May 22, 1781. Under the direction of the Selectmen."

Front cover and back cover pictures by Fred W. Davis.

The first ascent of Mt. Washington by a white man was made by Darby Field in 1642. Col. Henry N. Teague, President of the Mt. Washington Cog Railway, announces that the 300th anniversary will be celebrated with fitting ceremonies in early June.

"A Home in New Hampshire," just off the press, is a beautifully printed volume of 32 pages and 64 illustrations. A copy of this limited edition will be sent to anyone interested in having a country home either for summer or year-round residence.

The ninth annual Craftsman's Fair of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts will be held this year at Holderness School, Plymouth, August 3–8.

OUCH!

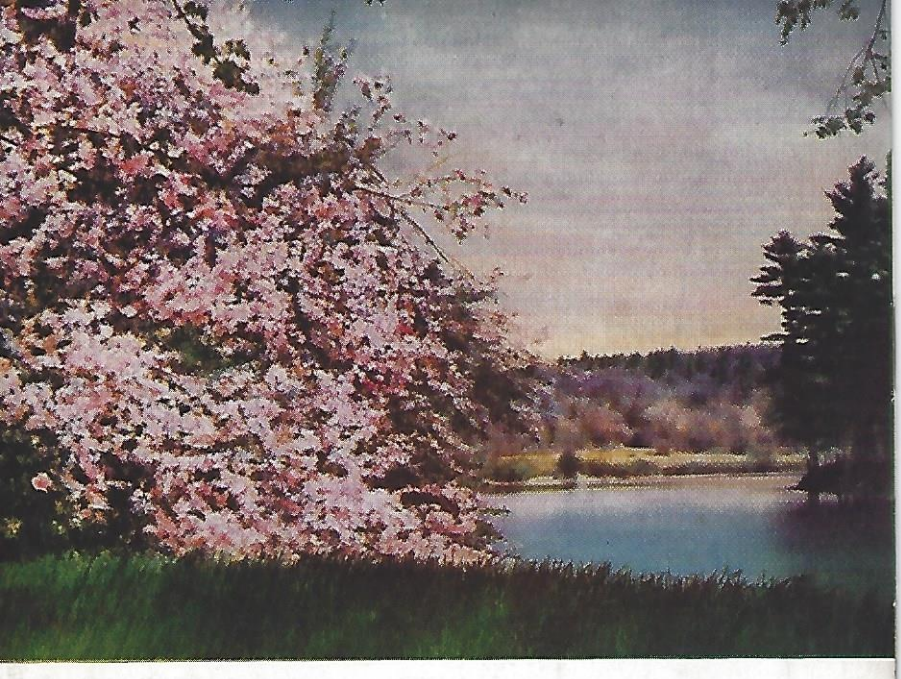
The former Esther Barrett of Franklin and Hanover writes from California where her husband, Lt. Sherwood D. Tuttle, of Hancock and graduate of the University of New Hampshire, is with the 87th Infantry Training Battalion at Camp Roberts:

"I must tell you of an amusing incident that occurred when I took my bicycle to the Paso Robles police station to be registered. I asked the chief whether my New Hampshire license plate, which was to expire in August '42, was good in California or whether I'd have to get a new license. The chief said, 'New Hampshire? That's an Eastern city. Their license is no good here!' "

On August 19, during Old Home Week, the town of Windham will celebrate its 200th anniversary.

"When only a girl in my teens I went to New Hampshire for the summer. It was the first time I had been away from the city or had seen mountains. I have loved them ever since and have spent nearly every vacation since among them. I had never seen the sky at night without looking above street lights and will never forget the thrill I had when I looked up and it seemed as if all I had to do was reach up and touch the stars. It always seems as if there is such wonderful strength and peace in the mountains that a summer is not complete without at least a day or two among them." — Miss Grace Warden, Springfield, Mass.

Spying a uniform in a parked car, the mother of a fretful six-year-old boy threatened to have the supposed policeman arrest him if he didn't behave. The youngster replied, "That ain't a p'liceman, that's Mr. Proctor and he doesn't pinch little boys." Out of the car stepped the widely known game warden and columnist, George S. Proctor, and grinning broadly he greeted the youngster with, "Hi, feller, how's about an ice cream cone?", and led the way to a near-by drug store, sat on a high stool with the youngster and chatted gaily with him as they ate their ice cream cones. Returning the delighted boy to his amazed mother, George mused, "Next time she won't pull that old policeman-bogey stuff. It isn't fair to the policemen nor the kids."



THE WIDE OUTDOORS

by Edgar A. Guest

The rich may pay for orchids rare, but, oh the apple tree
Flings out its blossoms to the world for every eye to see,
And all who sigh for loveliness may walk beneath the sky
And claim a richer beauty than man's gold can ever buy.

Small gardens are shut in by walls, but none can wall the sky,
And none can hide the friendly trees from all who travel by;
And none can hold the apple boughs and claim them for his own,
For all the beauties of the earth belong to God alone.

So let me walk the world just now and wander far and near;
Earth's loveliness is mine to see, its music mine to hear;
There's not a single apple bough that spills its blooms about
But I can claim the joy of it, and none can shut me out.

(From "When Day Is Done," Copyright by The Reilly and Lee Co., Chicago)

ABOUT

Your Children

THIS SUMMER

. . . A message to parents from Governor Blood

THIS SUMMER your children may need, more than in normal times, the advantages offered by camp life.

You, too, may need the change that their temporary absence would give, and the greater opportunity to restrengthen yourself for the strenuous tasks ahead.

For many years the boys' and girls' summer camps in New Hampshire, a pioneer state in this field, have enriched the lives of children from homes in many states, have helped to prepare the coming generation for years of happiness and usefulness.

The ideal is always to combine vacation pleasures and sports with other activities designed for character building and preparation for future life as a citizen and a well rounded member of the community.

The camp advantages are offered under good supervision at a healthful location well adapted to the needs of creative play and learning.

Nature study and woodcraft teach appreciation of the world about us and develop self-reliance. Various camp activities bring out the value of cooperative effort, and impress the youthful mind with thoughts of duty and responsibility.

In keeping with the times, camps are placing new emphasis on an understanding of free democratic institutions, on the need for free citizens to aid one another. This year camps will devote more time to knowledge and skills — such as physical fitness and first aid.

As I interpret our responsibilities, children in greater numbers than ever before should have the experience and advantages of summer camps this year. Accordingly, I urge both children and parents to come and share with the people of New Hampshire the great advantages of climate and natural attractions with which our state is blessed.

Robert O. Blood

Governor

For general or specific vacation information please address:

STATE PLANNING
AND DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

This message from Governor Blood issued by the State Planning and Development Commission in cooperation with the New Hampshire Camp Directors Association

1942